

# **It Gets Even Stranger**

**ecc903**

## It Gets Even Stranger by ecc903

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**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough & Stanley Uris, Bill Denbrough/St Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Will Byers & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

Two worlds, two monsters, two groups of friends, one fight to end it all.

A Stranger Things and It (2017) crossover

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### **Author's Note:**

All of the kids are 16 in this fic. There will be Benverly, Stenbrough, Reddie, and Byeler in this story, so if you don't like any of those ships, turn around now.

There are also (obviously) spoilers for It and season one of Stranger Things

Mike Wheeler felt the wind blowing through his hair as he pedaled his bike as fast as he could away from whatever the hell was chasing him.

Behind him, he could hear Dustin and Lucas swearing profusely and a quick glance to his side told him that Will was pedaling with all of his might to keep up.

They thought that their troubles were over after the Demagorgon was defeated, but it seemed like they were, rather, just beginning.

"Holy shit!" Mike heard Dustin curse. "Guys, it's gaining on us!"

It was a cloud of demon-looking light and smoke, and a strange voice was emitting from it.

"Did you really think that you could hide from me, Richie Tozier? I'm not fooled that easily."

"Who the actual hell is Richie?" Mike exclaimed, talking to nobody in particular, but the strange, talking smoke seemed to think that the boy was talking to it.

"Beep beep, Richie. You're not being funny, infact, I think that the only way you'll ever make me laugh is when you start screaming and begging me to stop when I eat you alive."

"Th-this thing wants to eat us?" Lucas cried out in terror as the smoke crept closer and closing.

"Apparently, dumbass!" Dustin exclaimed. "That's what it just said, now isn't it?"

"Screw you, Dus—"

"Guys shut up!" Will yelled, more forceful than any of the boys had ever heard him. "We've just gotta—"

Will was cut off when Lucas suddenly screamed in what sounded like pain, and when he turned back to look at what had happened, his balance failed him and he went crashing painfully into the road.

Dustin also let out a strained groan, and when Mike turned stopped his bike and turned around, he saw that Will and his bike had hit Dustin, causing him to also go crashing into the road.

The smoke advanced on the two fallen boys, and seemed to swallow them whole.

"Mike!" Mike heard Will scream in fear.

"Will!" Mike shouted as the smoke advanced on him. "Dustin! Lucas!"

Mike wasn't worried about the smoke getting him, he was worried about where it had taken his friends.

He had gone through losing a good friend (maybe even more) when he was thirteen, and he sure as hell wasn't about to go through it again, three years later.

So, Mike stood his ground, and he didn't cry nor weep as the fog advanced on him, saying things he didn't understand.

"I'm coming for you, Richie, and you can't stop me. A silly, wooden bat won't stop me. Where's the girly-boy when you need him? Where B-B-B-Billy boy when you need him? Where's that little, slutty Marsh girl when you need her? And the fat boy? And the Jew? And the pathetic, farm boy? Oh, that's right, they aren't here. They won't help you this time, Richie."

"Who the hell is—"

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"Richie!"

Richie Tozier laughed as his best friend and boyfriend, Eddie Kaspbrak, looked at him in disgust. Eddie had mud caked into his brown hair, weighing it down into his forehead.

"You're a fucking asshole!" Eddie exclaimed angrily. "That's exactly what you are! A fucking asshole!"

"Aw, I'm sorry, Eddie Spaghetti," Richie chuckled as he moved forward and slung his mud-covered arm over Eddie's shoulders. "Don't ya forgive me, doll?"

"Fuck off," Eddie grumbled as he swatted Richie's arm off of him and moved over to where Bill and Stanley were sitting, looking up at the sky, searching for some rare bird that Stanley wanted to find.

"Aw, don't be that way, cutie," Richie called out, bursting into laughter soon after.

"I can't stand him," Eddie grumbled, to Bill, who had his head laying against Stanley's shoulder.

"Yuh-you l-love him," Bill said with a sly smile.

"Sometimes I question why, though," Eddie said in irritation as he tried to pull the mud out of his hair.

"Richie!" Beverly squealed.

Eddie looked up to see Beverly and Ben sitting a few feet away, mud splattered on one side of their faces.

"Eddie," Ben sighed as he tried to wipe the mud off of his pale skin. "Will you please tell your boyfriend not to hit people with mud like he's thirteen years old again?"

"Richie—" Eddie sighed, but he was cut off by his boyfriend.

"I'll have you know, that I wouldn't have hit you with mud if you weren't necking like horny rabbits."

Beverly sighed in irritation, "we're dating, Richie, we're allowed to kiss. We don't fling mud at you when you kiss Eddie."

"But, it's cute when we do it," Richie argued as he moved closer to Eddie and planted a sloppy kiss on the boy's mud covered face.

"Actually," Stan interrupted as he moved his gaze from the sky and onto the rest of his friends. "It's cutest when we do it."

Bill smiled and kissed Stan on the cheek, his lips lightly grazing the scars left on either side of his boyfriend's face from their battle with It.

Stan smiled and his face blushed red.

Richie scoffed. "Me and Eddie are the cutest couple of this bunch. Cmon, Eds, let's make out and show these fools who's boss"

As Richie moved in to mold his lips to Eddie's, the latter pushed him away and said, "you wish, Trashmouth. I'm not making out with you in front of our friends."

As an afterthought, he added, "and don't fucking call me Eds."

"Aw, you know you love it. I just can't help it," Richie cooed as he picked Eddie's cheek with his forefinger and thumb. "You're just so darn cute."

Eddie swatted his hand away, "stop it, you're just like the old ladies at church."

"Cause they think you're cute, too," Richie laughed as he wrapped his arm around Eddie and pulled him close.

The seven losers, except Mike who was stuck at the farm with his grandfather for the whole day, were chilling at the Barrens, enjoying the first day of the summer before their junior year of high school.

A few minutes into the nice silence that had enveloped them, a large

booming laugh filled the air, causing the kids to jump. Ben, Stan, and Richie pulled their respective partners closer to them.

Fog enveloped them and it stayed for a good few minutes and when it cleared all that was left was a faint echo of the sinister laugh that the Losers recognized all too well, and a group of four kids slumped in a pile on the ground.

Eddie began to move forward to check out the situation, but Richie pulled him back. "What are you doing, Eddie?"

"I wanna make sure they're okay," Eddie replied as he tried to pull away from Richie, but Richie wouldn't budge.

"No, Eds," Richie shook his head, tightening his grip on the smaller boy. "We all heard that god awful voice. The voice was... It."

Just then, one of the boys that were in the pile on the ground shot up, with one name on his lips, "Richie."

And that boy looked exactly like Richie 'Trashmouth' Tozier.